

I'M AN
ATHEIST

lambda

THANK
GOD!

VOL. 6, NO. 3

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY

FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1967

MASSIVE REFORMS AT U of T

98 Specific Recommendations Made

The Macpherson Committee's report, made public last week, is expected to become one of the most influential reports published during the 114 year history of the University of Toronto. The report is also expected to have far-reaching repercussions on the campuses of Ontario's 15 other universities. The 98 recommendations of the report deal with topics from examinations to housing. The major points of the report are as follows:

LECTURES

Lectures should be reduced to 10 hours a week, excluding laboratory time. This would mean one lecture per week in each subject. Tutorial groups of no more than 10 or 12 students should meet weekly for each subject. The committee was aware that lectures were often presented from the point of view of "this is what you'll have to know to pass the final". It was felt that lectures should be used for giving an all over view of the course, creating enthusiasm for a subject and making suggestions as to how students might solve problems arising during the course. A shorter lecture time would prevent professors from covering a course during the year and allow the students to research the course on their own. The majority of facts given in a lecture could be prepared by the students themselves. It is also hoped that this would prevent students from reproducing lecture notes verbatim on exams.

EXAMINATIONS

In first year, final exams should be retained, but 50% of the final mark should be based on the student's work during the year.

In second year final exams should be eliminated except where a student fails to obtain 60% in term work on any subject.

In third year, comprehensive examinations should be employed, rather than formal examinations.

ADMISSION STANDARDS

A common admission standard should be applied to all first year students regardless of their intentions of taking a general or specialized course. The report also favours the abolition of distinctions between honour and general students. An honours degree could be obtained by meeting qualifications for a fourth year after the regular three years required for the standard degree.

STUDENT REPRESENTATION

Student representatives should be elected to sit on the Council of Arts and Science which is the Academic Supervisory body on the campus of U. of T.

TEACHER CRITICISM

Methods should be introduced whereby students could criticize professors and their teaching abilities. Senior professors should also be in a position to observe the teaching technique of junior professors.

HOUSING

Residence fees should be reduced to encourage more freshmen to live on campus.

U of S Dedication

The Most Reverend Alexander Carter of Sauli Sainte Marie cut the ribbon on Sunday, September 24 to officially open the administration and residence buildings of the University of Sudbury; His Excellency is Chancellor to the Catholic member of the university federation.

The college is this year celebrating its tenth year in existence since the 1913 College Sacra Coeur university charter was realized by the Company of Jesus in 1957.

The reception, held open to the public as well as to the students and faculty of Laurentian, was to have been out of doors, but the cold weather did not so permit. The students' lounge of the new administration building was filled to capacity during the inaugural ceremonies.

Dignitaries present were Monsignor Carter, Hon. Warden Grace Hartman, Mayor of Sudbury; the Right Honourable Wilfred J. Spooner, Minister of Municipal Affairs for Ontario; and President of the University of Sudbury, Father Jean d'Auteuil. Richard, Master of Ceremonies, Rhea Bellisle, Chairman of the Board of Regents, announced the unfortunate absence of Dr. R. Cloutier and Dr. Fraser. Mr. Lalonde, Public Relations Officer for Laurentian University, read Dr. Cloutier's prepared address. In his speech, Dr. Cloutier insisted that he is "not prepared to agree that the denominational college federation is a system of the past..." despite the heavy fire under which it comes from time to time.

Also heard was a representative of the students of the University of Sudbury, Aurele Tellier.

Special credits for the realization of the college were duly given time and again by all speakers to Father Matte and his Jesuit Brothers for their diligence of effort and constancy of high spirits.

Monsignor Carter's address was somewhat akin to Mayor Hartman's, as both expressed a wish and need for co-operation with the immediate and outlying community, that is, Sudbury and all the rest of Northern Ontario. In closing, Monsignor Carter stated, "A university that divorces itself from the community is sterile...". Further, he recommended that the utmost use be made of the buildings and specifically, that adult education be expended and centered here.

Mr. Spooner in his address said that the university grant for all Ontario had been doubled this year to \$161 million, and that the operating costs of a young and struggling university such as Laurentian come under special consideration in the allotting of these grants.

Student guides from the University of Sudbury led tours through both of the new buildings, completing the afternoon's activities.



PLUMBERS' COUP: Gene Arpin and Richard Toucoult, two light-fingered members of the Laurentian Engineering Society, relax on their booty after executing the greatest theft on record since The Great Train Robbery. Under the pretense of removing the chair for repairs, these two lads waltzed off with the Throne of the Chairman of the Board of Control from the Council Chamber of the City Hall, Friday, September 22nd. However, the boys admit that they didn't do it alone. They wouldn't have made it if it hadn't been for the splendid help they received from one of the janitors at City Hall. He held the door.

Photo by T. C. Short

Needham Speaks To Laurentian Students

by Pat Taylor.

Editorial columnist Richard J. Needham of the Toronto Globe and Mail visited Laurentian campus last Thursday night and spoke to a small gathering in the Student's Lounge. To ease any tension there may have been in the audience, Mr. Needham confessed that he had once worked for the "good ole Sudbury Blah" back in the 1930's.

Certainly many who may have had doubts as to Mr. Needham's efforts in the usual editorial field (i.e. politics, economics) were relieved to hear, yea, from his very lips, that his heart didn't really go into them, and that he was only dabbling in those fields. He made it quite clear throughout his talk that his chief interest was in interpersonal relationships, and that politicians were a pretty useless lot of characters.

Anyone who just turned up at the Students' Lounge out of mere cur-

iosity as to just what a Richard J. Needham was, was given a more than definitive outline. He is a Grade 10 dropout, a hater of the high school system, and a lover of women. Accompanying Mr. Needham was one of his secretaries named Nancy. Of the nicknames we were informed he attached to his secretaries, some of the less sensational were Lucious Linda, Cream of Meat, and Lay of the Land. In any case, their boss made no common song in their praise. A C.U.S. representative from Laurentian was rewarded for "being so nice" with a bouquet still wrapped in green paper. Mr. Needham just plunked it into her lap, but when the giver is Richard J. Needham, and the gift is so thoughtful, who cares? It is exactly this simplicity in the man that is so attractive. Ask any of the sweet young things who heard the man whether they didn't

(cont. on Page 3)



FIE ON YOU FOUL FIENDS: A helpless Freshette is a victim of unmentionable sadistic torture during Kangaroo Kourt. According to some reports which filtered out to the public, the Frosh crop of '67 was subjected to horrors second only to The Black Hole of Calcutta. This interesting photograph, however, proves that a good, wholesome time was had by all. It isn't everyday that a fair lass is so gently carressed.

Photo by T. C. Short

Editorial...

Laurentiana Challenged

On Wednesday evening, September 27th, the Council of The S.G.A. passed its budget for the Academic Year 1967-68. Of the total budget, it will take 18.4% of your hard-earned cash to run the machinery of the S.G.A. The next biggest chunk goes to the Yearbook. This year it will cost 16.8% of the budget to produce Laurentiana. That's \$6,565, for those of you who figure better in dollars and cents. Since only \$2,000 is expected to be realized from Advertising, \$6,565 will have to come from the coffers of the S.G.A. to float what always turns out to be the biggest losing proposition on campus. We need not remind you who fills the coffers of the S.G.A.

A poll of 11 Canadian Universities shows that student governments are spending from 5 to 17% of their budgets on Yearbooks. We rank near the top with a budget of 16.8%.

The problem goes beyond the money stage. The University of Manitoba has scrapped its Yearbook because of a lack of staff. Last year's book is being put together by one person, the Editor. That's all the manpower interested in working on a Yearbook on a campus of 8,000 people. But before we smugly sit back and criticize U. of M., let us remember that in 1966 Laurentiana was put together by 3 persons. Last year there were only 10, and this year there is as of yet, no editor and staff.

But here's the real stumbling block. It is far easier to ram warm butter down the throat of a wildcat with a red hot poker than to convince "Joe College" that he or she should buy a Yearbook. The S.G.A. always has at least 100 Yearbooks kicking around at the end of the year. Yearbooks that are not sold represent a loss in hard cold cash. In a Canadian University, which shall remain anonymous, only a few hundred students of the total 4,000 students purchased the Yearbook which the Student Council voted to keep despite the financial loss which was always incurred.

The real shocker is yet to come. The University of Waterloo conducted a survey and found that out of a sample of 150 students, all of them indicated that they read the student newspaper; 113 had read the student handbook; 119 had used the student directory or Bottin and only 89 had read the Yearbook. The Yearbook ran second to a telephone directory!

The University of Toronto has scrapped its Yearbook. It got too big to handle, as did the finances required for such a large book. Many other Universities are entertaining similar ideas of abolition. We feel that The S.G.A. should scrap Laurentiana. It is our contention that Laurentiana's budget has reached the point where it is too big a drain on the budget. This drain cannot be justified. There are not enough persons interested and willing to do the work required to produce the Yearbook. There are not enough sales to warrant further production. Further more, we feel that Yearbooks are read once and then tucked away and forgotten.

We suggest that a book of graduate photos be given to the graduating class to replace the Yearbook. And before someone says that a Yearbook might as well be produced if a book of grad photos is to be made available, let us remind him that only 1/4 of a total Yearbook goes to grad photos. Therefore a small book of grad photos would be 1/4 the size of a Yearbook, while the cost and amount of work required would be even less.

We call upon the S.G.A. to introduce proper steps to discontinue the publication of Laurentiana.

MITCH —

A firm hand clasp to Michel D'Aoust, Treasurer of the S. G. A. for the hard work and time he put into the 67-68 budget. If it were not for the fine job done by Mr. D'Aoust, the complete program of the S. G. A. would never become a reality. "Mitch, you done good."

lambda

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copy was set using the justewriter at almaguin publishing co., burks falls. the job was well dunn.

LOCAL POLITICAL ISSUES

By Ron DeBurger

The one issue that completely transcends all others in Sudbury is that of housing, specifically, the lack of sufficient, adequate housing.

It is a dilemma caused by many factors such as a tight mortgage market, lack of suitable serviced building lots, a rapidly expanding labour force and an appalling ineptitude in long range planning on the part of our city fathers. Add to the above the fact that 20% of present housing is practically unfit for human habitation and you can appreciate the magnitude of the problem.

The local candidates do not seem to have any concrete solutions. Suggestions are being made that the government apply pressure to Mother I.N.C.O. to make money available, that the H.O.M.E. program be accelerated and expanded and that the provincial government construct much more rent-regulated-income housing to meet the current need.

It is obvious that the utmost cooperation of all levels of government and large industries will be required to alleviate the present crisis. Any politician who claims otherwise is either a fool or a dreamer—perhaps both.

If there is a second major issue it would be that of the present high level of municipal taxation for which education is bearing the blame. The burden of educational support must be lifted from the property owner and must be more equitably distributed. The Smith Report has recommended some redistribution but it is felt that it is not enough. An increase in the 5% provincial sales tax may be forthcoming (although 2% of that already goes to education), an increase in corporation taxes may also be in the wings—usually passed on to the consumer as higher prices.

The candidates while agreeing on the necessity for change are nevertheless undecided on what form the change should take. Proposals vary from complete provincial financing and control to demanding further tax monies from the federal government. Solution of this problem as with the housing crisis is beyond the individual M.P.P. and can only be realistically resolved by a strong provincial administration.

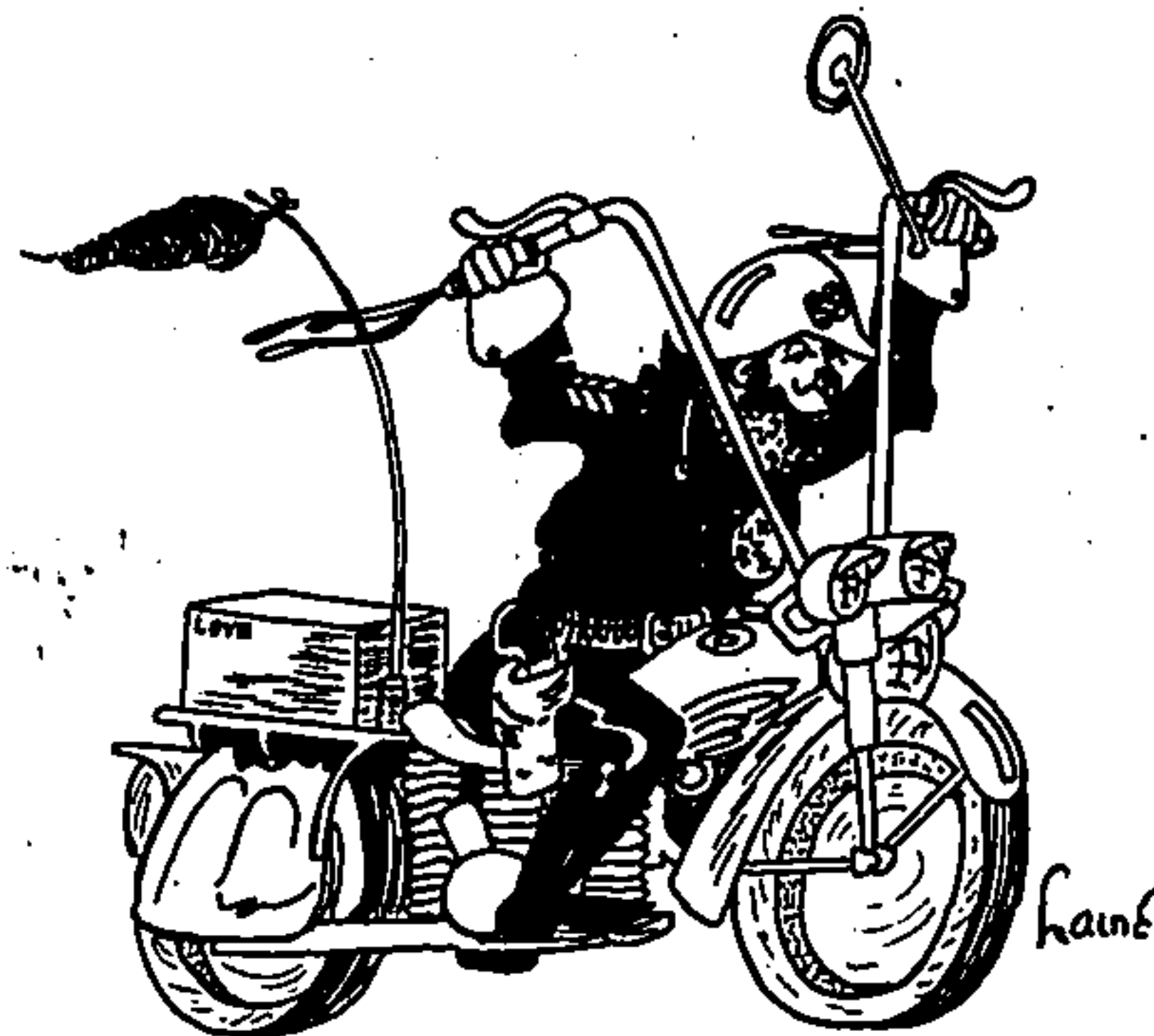
TREASURE VAN HERE

TREASURE VAN HERE

Some lucky people will be getting conversational, if not useful, Christmas gifts this year.

Incense for your Yoga meditations, camel saddles for your trip across the desert worse than the Gobi, sabres for your early morning duel with the books, gourds for your secret binge in the social centre, and jangle-bangles for your third floor 7:00 a.m. reveil. All these articles plus grounded flying carpets and such were available (at a price) this week at W.U.S. (World University Service) Treasure Van.

Many students found, money matters being what they are, that the no-haggling restriction kept them from going on an all-out spree. You t de mome, just to browse amongst the articles was a sensation akin to the exotic pleasure tourists get in Far East market places. All that was lacking was the greasy peddler type to complete the picture.



SUDBURY'S FINEST: Bad news for the Honda Division of the Sudbury Police Department. The Department of Transport has announced that, as of October 1, high handle-bars on motorcycles, often referred to as "Angel Bars" or "Ape Hangers" will be prohibited. The high bars are being made illegal because it is felt that they may hinder proper control of bikes. No doubt this will cause considerable concern among the ranks of the Sudbury Mounted Police. But the real cause for concern is yet to come. Not only are high handle-bars out, but also passengers who ride side-saddle on the rear seat. That really makes it tough on patrolmen who hitch rides from their mounted brethren back to Headquarters. However, it's an ill wind that blows no good. The Department has decided that sidecars will continue to be allowed. Now, if someone can just figure a way to hook up sidecars so that they won't interfere with those training wheels . . .

THESBIANS THWARTED

There are times when one has the feeling that the Administrative Powers of Laurentian are just plain anti-cultural. Their latest move certainly bears witness to this charge. The Sudbury Centennial Museum, formerly the Bell Estate, is now under the control of the Administration of Laurentian University. This brings three more buildings into the fold of U.L.U. There is, or course, the main building which is the museum itself. The other two buildings are a small garage which is used for junk storage, and a larger building which, back in the good old days, was a coach-house. The future of the coach-house was, until recently undecided, and two groups which could have made a very good use of this coach-house were the French and English Drama Societies.

The Drama Societies on campus have always been nomads. Throughout the years they have worked in vacant classrooms, offices, the lecture theatre, the darkroom and studio of the Camera Committee, the lower cafeteria and the Great Hall. Needless to say, they could never be assured of a definite place to practise and consequently it was difficult to arrange for rehearsals. In order to use the auditorium in the classrooms building, they had to reserve it in advance and hope that other groups around campus had not scheduled meetings in that room for the same time period. Then of course there was often a time limit on the room. For example, if they took the room for three hours on a Sunday, then they had to be out of there in three hours. The Rent-A-Cops make sure that there are no time extensions. Dress rehearsals and even major productions have been enacted under makeshift and adverse conditions. Unfortunately a drama theatre on campus is not scheduled for construction for some time. Right now it's just a smear on a blue print. The Coach-house could have filled in very nicely until the theatre was built. The Drama Clubs need a place for a workshop and storage area for props. However the "Powers That Be" have designated the Coach-house be used for a far more "practical" purpose. It seems that a truck will be stored in the Coach-house for the winter months. Now, what is more important, the storage of a pick-up truck or the locating and assisting of University Drama at Laurentian? What a hell of a question!

First of all, Drama Club representatives were told that the Coach-house was located off campus. Well now, that's a brilliant geographical observation and that's all. Why is it undesirable to locate a rehearsal off campus. More often than not the final productions are held off campus. The objection is also raised that the Coach-house is not heated. Winters would be a problem. But would it cost that much to heat that Coach-house.

There are other problems that have arisen in the path of the Drama Societies. Last year the Clubs were allowed to store their props in the room under the amphitheatre. During the summer, the Drama Societies were asked to clean up the room. A member of the club volunteered two days of his own time to straighten about the room. After all the dirty work was over, a horde of janitors swept in and removed all the props, piling them down in a small hole in the wall beneath the class room building. The gentleman who had spent all that time cleaning up the room was perturbed to say the least. If the Drama Clubs were to be no longer allowed to use this room, they should have been asked to remove their props outright, rather than being more or less eased out in this indirect manner. Now Drama has no given space at all on campus.

We can appreciate the problems Administration faces during this construction period, but at the same time we feel that cultural activities must have some priority on campus so that a well-rounded University life may be realized by all. Serious thought should be given to drama. Turning the Coach-house over to the two Drama Societies would be a step in the right direction.

OBITUARIES

LAURENTIAN VOYAGEUR FOOTBALL TEAM

(A FROSH EYE VIEW)

BY ROGER FORTIER

Frosh Week, long awaited by both sophomores and seniors, and dreaded by all prospective freshmen, has now come and gone. Although the official starting date for frosh activities was Tuesday, the 18th of September, several upper classmen deemed Saturday a worthier launching-point for their campaign against the frosh.

On Saturday, chorus of "We are frosh, stupid little frosh..." resounded throughout the U. of S. residence; while at the Thorne-loe residence, cries of - "No not a beer shampoo!" echoed in the halls.

Several frosh were seen to be crawling about on the golf course on Sunday night, looking for what the seniors and sophomores mysteriously alluded to as preying mantises. It was not known whether any live specimens were captured by frosh, but apparently an incredible amount of them were tramped to death in the process. The less fortunate frosh, that is, those who were wearing shorts, went wading in a stagnant water hole to catch frogs. Afterward, the frosh indulged in such sportive fun as pushing checkers across the floor with their noses, or blowing bubble-gums imbedded with barbecue chip morsels.

Meanwhile, in the dining-room, it was becoming increasingly difficult for frosh to gulp down a full-course meal. Throughout the meals, the only sound that could be heard above the din was: "Hey, Frosh" . . . It was rumored that some first-year students, in order to avoid this, stayed in their rooms all week, sneaking down at night to get some food from the slot-machines.

On Monday night, the frosh were herded into the Administration Building lounge. There they were divided into groups of five; each group was composed of three boys and two girls and a leader. A similar procedure was put into effect last year. From there on in, the frosh were doomed; it was a last farewell to respectable clothes for one whole week.

And then, the fatal day arrived. The first night went comparatively well; each college organized some activity for its frosh; for U. of S. it was a College Night; at Thorne-loe, a banquet was held; as for Huntingdon, it was a key-case-selling night; and U.C., well, you know. . . On the following day, open season was declared on all frosh. The prey was easily distinguishable by its red, green, black or purple hue. Any game cornered without cigarettes or gum was, so to speak, as good as dead. That same evening, all the frosh were rounded up by their various group leaders and herded into the Mine Mill Hall. They were handed out envelopes and told to get out there and collect money by hook or by crook. Surprisingly enough, it turned out to be a lot of fun for everyone concerned. Afterwards, a dance was held in the Hall for all the deserving and also the undeserving.

Thursday night was Surprise Night. My own group's surprise turned out to be waiting in a cold and dank collar for another bus which arrived an hour later. We then proceeded on a hay-ride which lasted approximately three-quarters of an hour. Despite all predictions, Kangaroo Court was not held during the dance at Mine Mill Hall, after the hay-ride.

The Lovin' Spoonful were the subjects of Friday evening's entertainment. Only one event marred the proceedings. Most of the frosh had been told by seniors or sophomores that wearing of the shift was not compulsory for that night's concert. However, when the sophs and seniors prevented the frosh from entering Mine Mill Hall for the post-concert dance, unless they paid a one-dollar fine, it was clearly evident that somewhere, somehow,

something had gone wrong. Organization is a wonderful thing, n'est-ce-pas?

Saturday morning was set aside for the W.U.S. Shoe Shine which was quite a success. No sooner had we returned to headquarters which, for this particular event, was Mine Mill Hall, then we were hurried into a bus and driven to the campus, whereupon we were told to assemble in the lower cafeteria and await further instructions. Half an hour later, when everyone had arrived, we learned that Kangaroo Court was to be presently in session. During the course of the high and mighty proceedings, several shampoos were meted out, while the victims struggled helplessly in utter bewilderment.

No one doubted for an instant the integrity of the court officials, not even when two frosh bribed their way out with a mickey of some sort or other.

The final touch to Frosh Week was the semi-formal ball held in the Great Hall, Saturday night. Everyone was pleased with the dance.

My frank opinion, as a frosh, a propos Frosh Week, is that it was thoroughly enjoyable, although sometimes a bit exasperating. However, I was a bit disappointed at not having experienced some of the highlights that frosh had come to expect in bygone years; however, the grass is always greener . . .

We, Frosh of '67, therefore wave a fond farewell to Froshiana '67, and we turn out expectant eyes with eager anticipation upon Froshiana '68.

NEEDHAM SPEAKS

(cont. from page 1)

just "FLOAT" away after the discussion.

Arrogant is what you might call Mr. Needham's reference to Toronto as the mouse, while he is cast as the cat. Sensitive people (with whom Mr. Needham expressed in countless ways, his sympathy) may have grated a little at his reference to the young executives and small town girls who struggle away madly in the city. It seems at first a slight on the capabilities of people of local origin, but on reflection, it is more like a compliment to their shallowness or simplicity.

You see, as Mr. Needham demonstrates, shallowness is not a fault if your capacities for self-interest extend no further than your thoughts. Hence it is best and most satisfying to live as you wish than to live as you have been taught you ought (i.e. big income, life insurance, etc.). To wit, love is most important; the following are Mr. Needham's favourite two sentences from Shakespeare's Sonnet 29:

"Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at
Heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love remembered
such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my
state with kings."

Readers of Mr. Needham's daily column in what he refers to as the "Grape and Flail" or the "Mop and Pall" appreciated his talk on his work. He is presently putting out his own "pensees" on week-ends; in a manner similar to that of Pascal, Mr. Needham expresses his thoughts on people - people, not as individuals, necessarily, but as men or women, as young or old, as in love or not in love.

Aside from the pensees, he spoke of his love for hearing from people. So he asks his readers questions such as (currently) "What is the best way to get to know someone?" Their replies, which range from hilarious to endearingly tender, are often printed in Mr. Needham's column.

Dear Dirty Bird:

When I was a young girl I was a tom-boy. At that time playing Tarzan was 'in'. I was always Tarzan and as such I would yell a lot and beat my chest. I thought it was great. Now I am twenty-one and my bust is totally undeveloped. No guy will look at me twice. Is there nothing I can do?

Very Depressed.

The Dirty Bird writes Very Depressed:

I would say this. Shop!

Dear Dirty Bird:

As a freshman I'll admit that I am unskilled in the ways of the world. My trouble is this. As Joe College I had no trouble in meeting a girl and we have been getting along great. Next week is her birthday and after some thought I decided to buy her fancy underwear. Yesterday, after an embarrassing morning I was the proud owner of a Playtex 'living bra' and a Playtex 'living girdle'. After punching holes in each of the boxes for breathing purposes this problem faced me. What does one feed such things?

Help. Junior

The Dirty Bird writes Dear Junior

A year ago I had the same problem. This can be an extremely touchy situation for a rookie. Being green myself, I had the misfortune of placing a 'living girdle' in the same box as a 'living bra'. The girdle mercilessly assaulted the bra and killed it. Remember this: keep them segregated; do not feed, but handle with tender loving care.

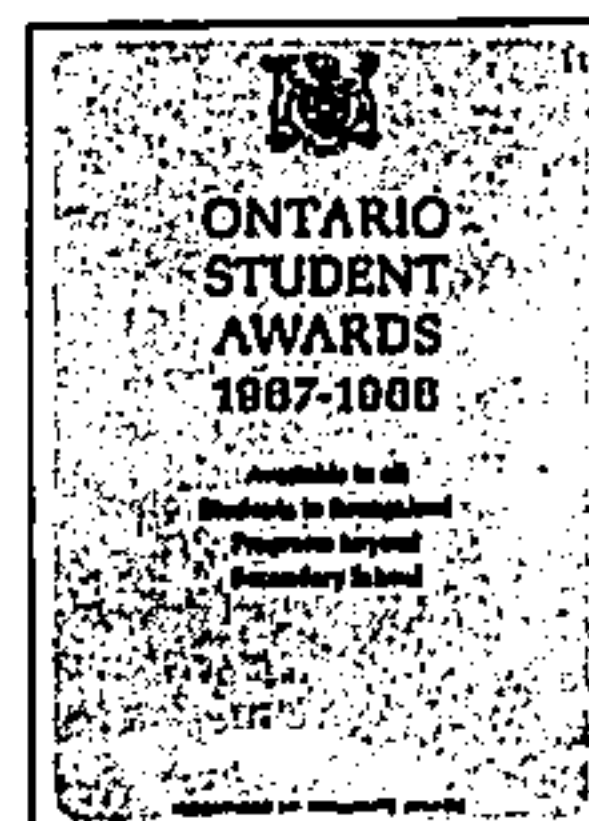


O.K. GANG, DOUBLE FEATURE: Just to get all girl watchers warned up in a hurry, and because we missed having a Wench of the Week in our first issue, we present for your enjoyment two lovely examples of female pulchritude to be found on and around Laurentian's Campus. On the left is Pretty Polly Shesnicky, a lovely Freshette from Levack. Polly is simply crazy about cream pie and consequently was treated to a quick snack during Kangaroo Kourt. On the right is cute Carol Pollack, one of Sudbury's pretty contributions to girl watching. Carol loves cream pie too, and was very disappointed when she was totally ignored by Kangaroo Kourt during the pie eating contests. Photos by T. C. Short

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THE WORLD OF THE FINE ARTS

The World of "Pop" Music

In the words of local radio personality, John Loweth, "We're trying harder." This seems to be the general feeling of everyone working at radio station CHNO. Since its inauguration in 1947, CHNO has provided Sudbury and district with steady entertainment, but only recently has it made any positive moves towards making its presence felt in the world of "pop" music. Mr. Loweth was hired two years ago by CHNO in order to promote a new image for the station. His Friday and Saturday night programs were so well received, it was decided that "pop" music should appear in

When asked if there was any special reason for the apparent increase in "pop" music that has occurred lately, he replied that it all tied in with "continuity of programming", whereby the image of the station being modern or "with it" is kept up during all program hours. Although the station had gone for more "rock" music, he felt that it was still trying to please the majority of people, on the basis that most people do enjoy this type of entertainment. When asked if CHNO intends to keep programming "rock" music, Mr. Loweth replied that only time will tell as, "we are still

anxiously awaiting to see the first results of this new format," daytime and week night programming as well. From its start as a purely experimental project, "pop" music has steadily risen into a position of prominence and importance at the station. "Pop's climb to the top," has been greatly influenced by the use of what Mr. Loweth refers to as "snappy promos," most of which are made locally at the station. Another big selling point he feels, is the personal touch to his programming, whereby the D.J. sounds more human than professional.



"HEY BABY, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST": That's Laurentian's own Valentina Schipillow being dragged off to the Bastille by Paul Frappier. Valentina is a third year Arts student who is currently touring Canada with the Centennial Players. October 18 will find Val back on campus after a very busy summer during which she was a Hostess at Expo as well as a thespian travelling across Canada. Photo by M. Hurst.

J.B. ON THE THEATRE

ARNOLD'S TWO WIVES HAD CAESARIANS

FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN

On September 26th, within the splendid confines of Mine Mill Hall, the Centennial Players, under the questionable direction of M. Pierre Lefebvre, gave birth to what must be considered the most ignominious mutation of the theatrical world. The play - "Arnold Had Two Wives"; the effect - nausea superfluus.

The play is about a professor Arnold Axelrod who, incidentally, has two wives. This questionable relationship is accidentally uncovered by "SOCIETY" who or which immediately reacts, violently, to such wanton carryings-on. Arnold is adamant in his theory that such a relationship is practical and empirically sound. But "SOCIETY" will have none of it, and, as usual, manages to throttle this threat to its comfiture much as it would throttle anything that threatened an orderly and conformative existence.

In the end, Arnold and his two wives are enclosed in a human zoo and subjected to the abuse and derision of those members of society who have felt their position threatened, but now enjoy an apprehensive yet characteristic ease at seeing that particular threat isolated, and bit by bit, destroyed. This zoo scene, in the Ravel original, was slated for the end of the play; however, Mr. Lefebvre obviously thought that

it would be more effective at the start of the play which, of course, is only one of a series of questionable devices which Lefebvre saw fit to use, the discussion of which lack of space prevents me from entering upon any further.

Arnold, played by John Innis, handles his role with a certain degree of competence, particularly in those scenes where he explodes against Canadian society and/or "SOCIETY" in general. But, when the role demands a bit of underplaying, he falls miserably. Lack of projection is Mr. Innis' major fault and mars an otherwise good performance.

Daphne, Arnold's first wife, is brilliantly portrayed by Miss Donna White. The most noteworthy aspect of this very gracious performer is her amazing consciousness of "stage presence", that indefinable quality that draws the line between the amateur and the professional. She has the husky, full, throaty voice of a Lauren Bacall, and the characteristic stage deportment of the great Bette Davis. Miss White should go far, and deserves to, fully well.

Frances M. Kearney is anaemic and unconvincing in her portrayal of the high-strung yet charmingly petite Michele, Arnold's other wife. Let it suffice to say that here was an obvious case of miscasting.

The gentleman who plays Random gives what must be termed an ineffectual performance; whenever on stage, he seems to limit the other players and indeed, seems rather awkward. Paul Frappier, as the Sargent, tends to overact and encroaches, at times, on the realm of the "slap-sticky". However, Mr. Frappier does show flashes of brilliance. Hamilton McClymont is marvelous as the Lieutenant and keeps his role well in hand; his authoritarianism never verges on the grotesque as is so often the case with other performers. Judith Freiman definitely looks the part of the mother or the "nanny", but after all, this wasn't a silent movie, now was it?

The stage setting was terrible - a dull, unimaginative and quite ludicrous aggregation of props which, incidentally, kept . . . falling apart. The stage decor was entirely colourless; but then, so was the play.

The sound effects were dreadfully loud and in many instances actually drowned out the performer's voices; but then, one probably didn't miss much anyway if the rest of the play is any indication. Certainly I have never heard such vociferous babies.

But, as if all this wasn't bad enough, we were then subjected to the most inane absurdities I have ever had the misfortune to witness. Imagine bringing a placard on stage which read - "2 many wives soil the community"; naturally, the number two was supposed to be a pun; yes, well, very . . . punny. An old, toothless, dishevelled man I saw parading in front of Maple Leaf Gardens during the recent Progressive Conservative Centennial Convention this summer was touting a placard which put Miss Ravel's "wit?" to shame. And, as if all this . . . "trash" wasn't enough, we, the audience, are then subjected to the ultimate in Ravelian "humour"; got this - "Batman's been in many difficulties, but never like the mess you're in"; OH . . . GOD.

At one point in the play, Arnold says . . . "and to pass the time, I'll tell you a fairy tale". Yes, Arnold, yes, if only you had . . .

Insofar as this play was supposed to represent the best in Canadian theatre, and insofar as the performers were supposed to represent the cream of the Canadian University Crop, I can only cringe in utmost apprehension when I envisage the sorry lot in store for Canadian Theatre.

This play was well-conceived, but conception is only a phase of creation; birth, by some "trick" of fate, also performs a vital function. In this case, it was a very "painful" birth.

The second half of the evening had the French section of the Centennial Players presenting Moliere's three-act - "Les fourberies de Scapin". I must immediately censure those responsible for allowing this play to be performed since a "Canadian" play was supposed to be presented; though it may seem to many that France and Quebec are one and the same, I am nonetheless quite sure that Moliere would have insisted most vehemently that he is not, in any way, shape, or form, French Canadian. I congratulate the English section for at least venturing forth with a new, Canadian play written especially for the tour, rather than playing it safe, as did their French confreres, who decided to stick with a sure thing. But that's all one; I cannot afford to get embroiled in a national issue, nor should drama become a political issue.

The realization of the play was nothing outstanding; it had nothing new to offer, which it should have had, especially when the Canada Council spends thousands of dollars to import a director from Strasbourg, France. One would expect that such a director would have some revolutionary or at least fresh ideas on interpretation, but this was not to be.

First of all, I think it would have been advisable had all the players involved, with the possible exception of M. J. J. Thibeault, taken extensive courses in Phonetics; I have never heard such a slurring of words or so many cases of tongue-twisting as was evidenced in this play. Had I failed to read the play beforehand, I should have been in utter bewilderment trying to decipher the cacophony of grunts and groans, mutters and gasps, that washed over the unsuspecting audience.

But this much I did gather about the play. Octave, a young gentleman, had married during his father's absence and, upon his father's return sought out the wily Scapin's help in order to persuade his father, Argante, to condone the marriage. This particular plot intertwines with the story of Leandro, son of Geronte; Leandro must have his father's approval to marry a country woman who first of all must be ransomed.

It seems that everyone eventually turn to Scapin for aid, and through a series of "fourberies" or "deceits", this same Scapin manages to solve everyone's problems, at the same time retributing his avowed enemy, Geronte. But the latter uncovers Scapin's little stratagems and Scapin seems destined to a not-to-nice fate. However, love and brotherliness permeate all and everyone at the end of the play, and the final scene ends on a happy note for all concerned.

Unfortunately, happiness was not one of my sensations when the curtains closed, although the audience, which was predominantly French by the way, seemed to be in absolute raves. For some odd reason, this supposedly refined culture, which is the French culture, seems to have a tremendously high regard for the theatre of the "slap-sticky" or of the grotesque, if the giggles of delight and roars of approval which issued forth from their guttural tracts were at all indicative.

As I said before and now reiterate, I was not particularly pleased with the performance and was particularly disenchanted with the "performers", though the odd individual did shine forth as would a professional through the shroud of amateurisms that enveloped the play.

Lise Ouellette, for instance, who portrays Hyacinthe, seems to pre-occupied with remembering her lines that the lines indeed seem to forget her; certainly she must be the most dull-witted and graceless Hyacinthe that has ever graced the stage.

Donald Porron as Octave was affected and completely unconvincing in his role; so amateurish and inescapably obvious was his weak performance that one just wonders how the hell some of the people in this play were chosen for their respective roles.

Hubert Gagnon delivers an exuberant and lively performance, but this gentleman still poses a sticky problem - he is good, he is bad; he is excellent, he is poor; inconsistency does not make for a brilliant performance, but it could, and in this case did, make for an adequate one. Still, the "bag" episode was brilliant and showed the amazing range and potential of M. Gagnon.

M. Yves Bernatchez plays Argante, Octave's impulsive and boorish father. Yves has a tremendous gift for comedy; his bag of comic gags and tricks is replete. He is every-interesting in this particular role. I have yet to see Yves in a serious drama; if he fares as well in this particular aspect of theatre as he does in comedy, then indeed we have on our hands a very accomplished actor.

Jean-Jacques Thibeault is type-cast as Geronte and as a result, not a necessary one by any means, stagos a convincing performance, perhaps the best of the entire evening. In the marvelous quarrelling scene between Geronte and Argante, in the second act, we witness that particular combination of two talents that so often saves a play, that so often makes it worthwhile.

(cont. on Page 5)

Letter to Artists

Editor's Note:

The following is a letter received by Mr. Philip Kennedy, President of the English Drama Society and Cultural Editor of English Lambda.

September 29, 1967

University Players,
Mr. P. Kennedy,
Laurentian University.

Dear Fellow Artists:

I have found that in order to get full enjoyment from the Art of the Theatre, one has to allow oneself, whenever the level of performance permits it, to become totally absorbed into the process of theatrical interaction and not be preoccupied with the making of mental notes for a future critical analysis.

This is exactly what I did last Tuesday when I went to see the "Centennial Players", and I had an enjoyable evening.

I could not help making one mental note, however, and that was not to forget to express my sincerest appreciation to the members of the "University Players" for their enthusiasm and loyalty to the cause of the Theatre. When I consider the fact that director Lefebvre had 300 people to cast from and a \$50,000 production budget, we should be exceedingly proud of our own production, produced with 30 members and a production budget of approximately \$200 per play, which I would match, without any hesitation, with what we saw at Mine Mill Hall last week.

Yours truly,
William B. Hart
Director of Drama
(English Section)

For
THE LATEST
University
NEWS

WATCH

THE BOOB TUBE

ON THE DAY OF THOR

AT 11 3/4 BELLS

Your Host
TONY RUPRECHT

KENNEDY ON BOOKS

Some writers tell about men on their way up; others dabble with men on their way down. Ella Kazan has chosen to invent the story of a man who steps into society, messes around with it a little, and then splashes out of it tearfully because he finds he has burnt himself.

THE ARRANGEMENT is an interesting trip through the haunted land of Eddie Anderson's career. He is a mini-magnate in the cigarette selling business in some California suburb, and, having procured quite a comfortable amount of wealth (the odd Picasso, three cars, a swimming pool, etc.), he proceeds to establish an arrangement with his wife whereby he is allowed to philander occasionally with other women, provided he keep affairs looking proper in public. Eddie makes the mistake of cultivating an only-too-intimate affair with Gwen, a secretary of his. When the maid stumbles over photos of the couple in a very promiscuously compromising pose, she hands them over to the wife, Florence. Instead of trying to save her honour by demanding a divorce, she loves her husband anyway, and convinces him to commit himself to a strict diet of sexless Platonic study and rest. Florence doesn't get any sex in this setup, but at least she is confident that Eddie is not spending his time elsewhere. Things go well until Gwen pops up in one of Eddie's dreams and he wakes up with the distaste of making love to his wife by mistake. From this point it is not long before he tramps off with his mistress to

New York and events finally rush to a swift ending. His father dies he has the occasional breakdown himself and is committed to an asylum, his wife divorces him and marries his lawyer, then he finally settles down with Gwen and begins life over again in his late forties as a writer with no arrangements.

Ella Kazan writes with a style that would entertain a high school student, but colours his plot with several interesting characters. There is Eddie's father, Sam Arness, the rug salesman who came from Anatolia carrying a few pieces of merchandise and a determined old-world flavour of selling resolution. As he is on the point of becoming deceased, there is a very curious scene depicted, with the old man's ancient brothers brooding over his body, just waiting to divide his estate. Gwen, the secretary, is in a way an original thought, for not only is she quite appealing and stenographic well, but she is also intelligent. Unfortunately Kazan forgets to allow her to do any thinking until the last few chapters, and ever then he has her doing a rather boring job of playing the suitor.

Kazan's limitations as a novelist are naturally as limited as the themes he chooses. In THE ARRANGEMENT, Kazan decides to devise a moral around the feeling he has that the human conscience is forever hindered by society's necessary rituals and life's everyday actions. He can go on through numberless chapters of lively prose without presenting a resolution to this problem, but he must tell

the reader something fresh by the end of the book, about his theme, or the novel has been a failure. We would not go so far as to condemn this novel as a failure, but there is a blatant vacuum between what the author's problem is and the answers he has not quite given us. Eddie Anderson has been the type of villain who tramples mercilessly on the feelings of those around him. He abused his wife several times; her only fault was to trust in his lack of integrity. He encouraged his daughter in her promiscuous affairs which led to unhappiness and an abortion. In the end of the book he is seen as the hero with a peacefulness reminiscent of the pastoral poets. The author has not filled the gap with a fresh idea on life.

To constitute a worthwhile addition to literature, a book must say something new, or say something old in a new way, and THE ARRANGEMENT has shown itself to be equal to neither of these. Since Saul Bellow's HERZOG we have yet to read anything original.

PUQUE! by A. Pointment

WHERE TO GO:

To Rudy's, just across the iron bridge, where customers are wanted: No Experience Necessary.

WHAT TO DO:

(Not at Rudy's) Did the waitress slam your coffee down on the table, dousing the one and only napkin she brought you? Annoy the whole management; let them know that you've been mistreated! Finish your coffee is you must, blige that it now seems, walk up to the music machine, press one button as many times as a quarter will allow. Make certain you press "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan (anyone who still has it on his Wurlitzer deserves the punishment doubly!) or in places that are crude enough even to have juke boxes as well as poor service, play "Ode to Billy Joe" three or four times. Don't hang around to listen even to the introductory bars; the pleasure is in strolling out and leaving the management, unable to be so rude as to turn the thing off, to contend with the annoyance of their customers.

WHAT TO SAY:

Dull but decent vocabulary requires man to amuse himself with what would seem logical derivatives from certain words whose complete etymology seems obscure; hence, we have positive negatives. Take for example:

The opposite and positive of abstruse is -struse (natch!) so...

What a brilliantly -ane thing to say!

The P.J. brewed behind U. of S. was judged as the most -stupid of the batches made.

Her -ert talent was to go-go dance standing on a concrete block, suspended by the mammoth hoisting crane.

The news of winning the Campus Cutie Award made him joyously grunted.

Take note that words such as "inebriated" which are positive in their sense already cannot be, by the omission of the prefix which SEEMS negative, made positive over again.

Dear Dirty Bird:

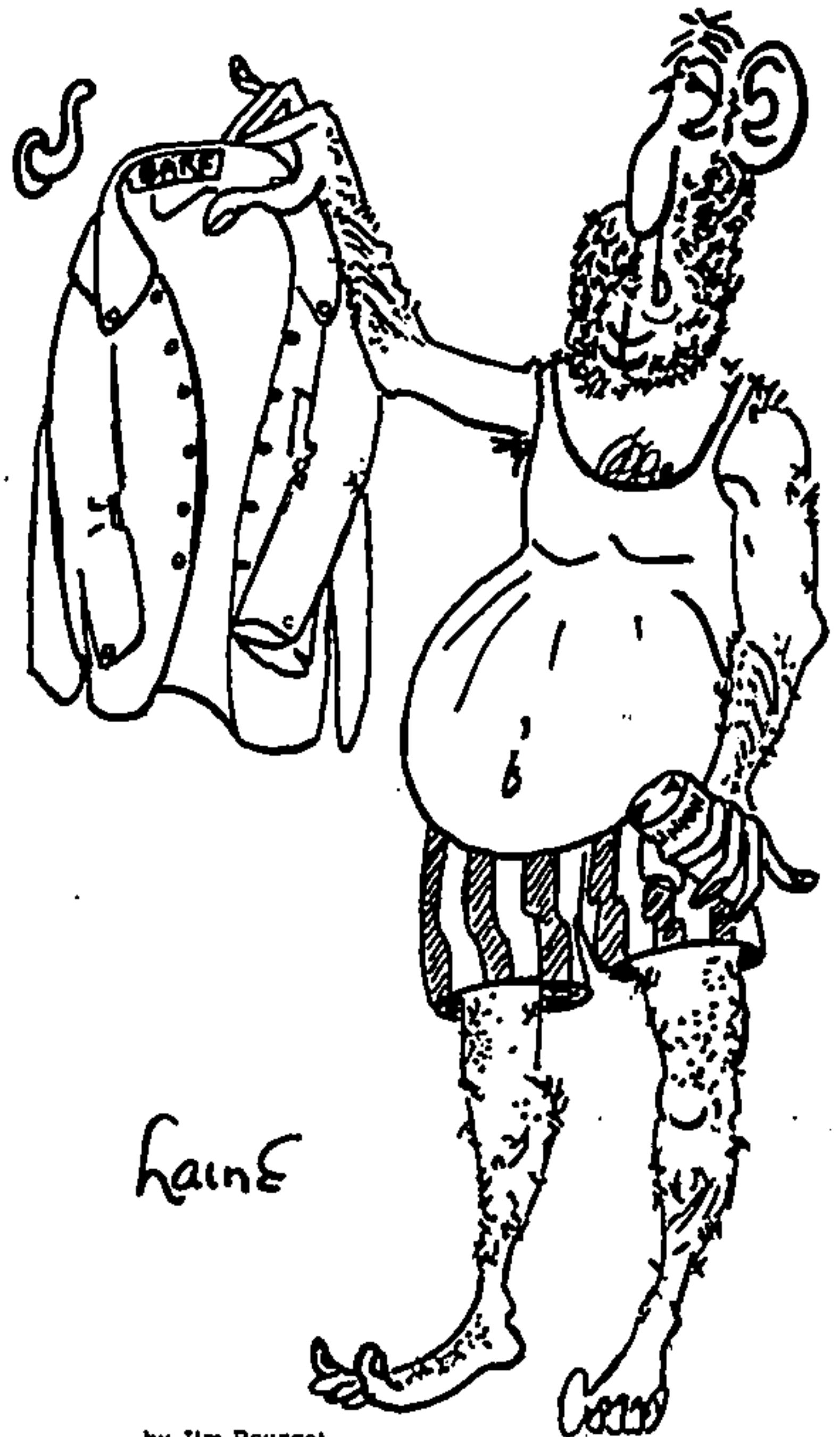
I'm a neurotic girl of nineteen. I get the craziest urges which I try to fight off but I never can. I'll just suddenly tear my clothes off and, well, do certain unmentionable things. I'm almost afraid to leave my room. What can I do?

Sally Sexpot

The Dirty Bird writes Dear Sally:

The next time you feel one of these uncontrollable urges coming on, run to my office; I'd like to study this more closely.

OH SUDBURY POOR SUDBURY,
CULTURE'S HUNG YOU IN THE
CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO
SAD



by Jim Bourget

Culture begets culture! A pompous statement no doubt, but hardly an ineffectual one; after all, Sudbury begot Laurentian University, can't you tell? And in this begotting, Laurentian also inherited the amazing phenomenon that characterizes Sudbury as being Canada's largest inane community - IGNORANCE. Sudbury is so devoid of any artistic sensitivity that one is reminded of the doldrums, without the snow, of course.

Many people deplore the lack of cultural activity and enthusiasm among the students of Laurentian University. It is one thing to deplore; however, it is quite another thing to know the "what" and the "why-for", the essence and the quintessence of the thing being deplored. The purpose of this article, the first of a series, is to discuss and perhaps solve the problem of the cultural void within this academic community.

The first area to be explored is that of Sudbury's "cinema" houses - that's right, THEATRES.

In a very interesting conversation with Mr. Jeffreys, Manager of Sudbury's Capitol Theatre which, incidentally, I consider to be the most artistically-aware milieu of theatrics in Sudbury, it was pointed out by Mr. Jeffreys that though he would like very much to present the more critically-acclaimed movies on the cinema circuit, economical logistics dictate otherwise. Both he and his assistant, Mr. Ron Myles, were in complete accord on this particular issue. Mr. Jeffreys, I must point out, was quite sincere in his appraisal of the cultural likes and dislikes of the Sudbury community and on the rather inconsistent whims of its denizens.

It was also pointed out in this discussion that the Sudbury audiences just are not receptive to what are termed the "arty films". This is also why according to Mr. Jeffreys, most outside perform-

ing companies that come into Sudbury are presented to Sudburians on a one-nighter basis. It is just not economically feasible for any theatrical entrepreneur in this city to present the finer aspects of the theatrical world on a more permanent basis. For example, one of the upcoming movies for the Capitol will be the smash Broadway hit, "OH DAD, POOR DAD, MOMMY'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD". This particular movie enjoyed a modest but successful run in Toronto last year as well as in other centres, as a single feature. But Mr. Jeffreys, from past experience, realizes that the same would not be the case here in Sudbury because it is an "arty film". Ergo, this very fine movie will have to be paired with another feature on a double-bill to make it a financial success. I suppose it won't be long before "A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS" come to one of Sudbury's theatres paired with "FANNY HILL AND THE WEREWOLF". Other movies coming to the Capitol in the next month are "DOUBLE TROUBLE", "DON'T MAKE WAVES", "THE NAKED RUNNER" and "THE SAND PEBBLES". These will all be presented as single features because they are considered to be safe, "financial" investments. I have seen all of these movies and the only one I feel deserves such billing is "THE SAND PEBBLES", mainly because of the magnificent performances of Richard Attenborough, Mako, and Steve McQueen. But these other bastardizations of the motion picture screen don't even deserve to get any billing whatsoever.

Yes, Sudbury, poor Sudbury, culture's hung you in the closet along with all the other... stinky sarongs, and you know something, I'm not sad, not really; you deserve it! And watch out Laurentian University "scholars"; the same thing could happen to you.

ON THE THEATRE

(cont. from Page 4)

Raymond Bellisle, playing Sylvestre, gets off to a slow start but becomes progressively better and ends up delivering what turns out to be a bravado performance.

Normand Levesque is a dreadful actor; I dare say no more. The messenger, as played by Richard Partington, is terrible and I thank the stars above that his part was no bigger than it was.

Bravos and accolades for Anne Bailot in the role of Zerbinette; she made a perfect trollop; but trollopry doesn't necessarily walk hand in hand with artistry. Miss Bailot does not speak her lines, she screeches them; one cannot help but feel uncomfortable and embarrassed for her. She obviously feels her part; 'tis a pity she can't deliver it as well.

This brings us around to the staging. Moliere would have rolled in his grave had he seen the skimpy, inanimate props used on stage. This is a period play, and deserves a period setting; anything more or less than this is not, and can never be acceptable to me, and I CHALLENGE ANYONE TO DEBATE THIS WITH ME. No one has the right to try and modernize a play merely for the sake of pleasing the modern audience. How anyone can become aesthetic over a slab of wood in place of a big, splashy backdrop-setting of an actual seaport is entirely beyond me. Obviously, aesthetic value has reached a new low in theatrics.

This play was definitely better than "Arnold Had Two Wives"; the performances, on the whole, were much better. But I must still stress the fact that this was supposedly to be a "Canadian" tour; I only hope that the presentation of a non-Canadian play was not another propagandic gesture by our beloved and hallowed French Community to forward their cause; if so I would advise them to go Canadian, or else to go to....



SOUNDS! IT'S THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! Take courage, ye poor creatures of feeble heart. This sinister looking devil is none other than Yves Bernatchez of the Class of '67. Yves is one of twenty students who were chosen to tour Canada with the Centennial Players. Yves played the role of Argante in Moliere's play, "Les Fourberies de Scapin". Phot by M. Hurst



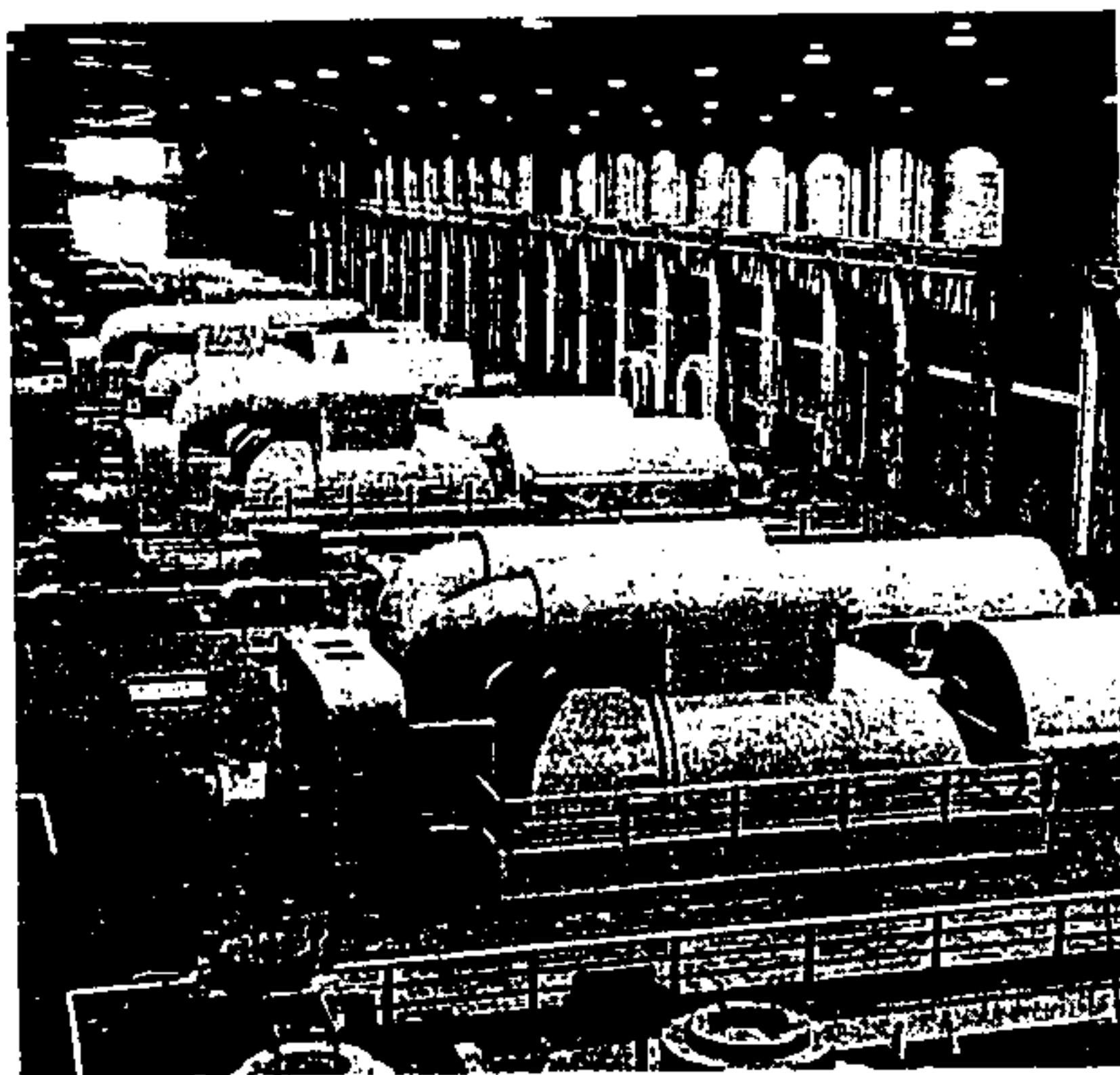
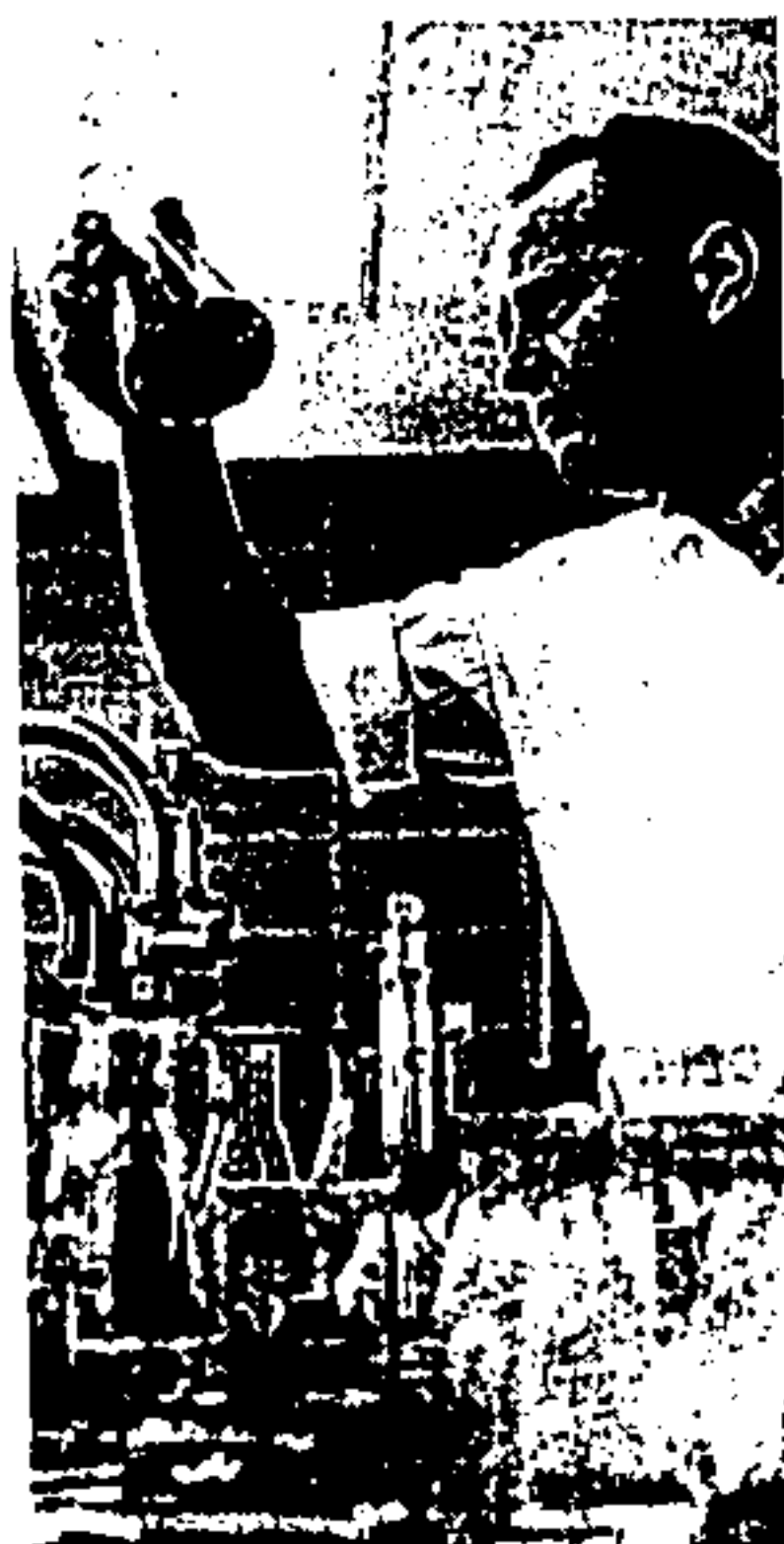
THE ROAD CREW

Social Calendar

Within the next two weeks, watch for these coming events, and for the love of Mike, PARTICIPATE! If not for the love of Mike, then how about Dick, Jane, Sally, Spot, or Puff?

- October 2-11: S.G.A. Nominations
 6: C.I.A.S.P. Dance
 7: Football, Laurentian at Ottawa U.
 C.I.A.S.P. Dance
 Concert: Monique Leyrac (La Slague) - centre Civitas Christi
 10: Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme de Moliere -centre Civitas Christi
 14: Football: Laurentian vs. Waterloo Lutheran
 Silas Huntington Day; Huntington Dance
 Gordon Lightfoot at Sudbury Arena
 15: English Film Society presents "All Quiet on the Western Front"
 Concert: Peter Milno, Baritone
 17: S.G.A. Elections
 20: Huntington Convocation

Power People - Chemists



With these eight turbo-generators running, Hydro's R. L. Hearn power station uses over half a million gallons of water a minute. The station chemist is responsible for its purity. All water used is pure enough to drink; some exceeds the standard of purity required for use in medical serum.

Chemists play a key role in the operation of Ontario Hydro's thermal-electric power plants. All coal-fired and nuclear stations have a laboratory and a staff of chemists. The sampling and analysis of incoming coal to determine its heating value, sulphur and ash content is one of the more important duties. Hydro bought some \$45 million worth of coal in 1966.

A constant check on the condition of cooling water must also be made to protect and maintain efficiency of equipment. In full operation a modern thermal station uses as much as

a million gallons of water a minute for cooling purposes. If uncontrolled, algae in this water can coat the inside of piping and equipment rendering them inoperative. The water is returned to its source unpolluted.

Chemists also supervise and maintain a supply of water for use in the boilers, where anything less than "super-purity" causes scale and corrosion. The control of corrosion in many forms is another all-important duty of the station chemist. Unchecked these forces can literally eat away mechanical equipment in a

very short time. The chemists also conduct checks of lubricating oil, hydrogen gas for cooling the generators and many other tests related to safe, efficient operation of the plants.

Hydro's thermal power stations generated over 10 billion kilowatt-hours in 1966, about one-fifth of the electricity used in Ontario. By helping to keep these plants operating, Hydro's station chemists and their staffs contribute a great deal towards maintaining the supply of electricity in Ontario.

(THE POLITICAL SCENE)

Political Apathy And The Prov. Election

By Don Aldo

The Powers That Be declared, "Let there be an election," and October 17 was. "Let us put the issues before the masses," and They did. Promises: Promises to do this, to do that, everything and anything but, oh, to be elected or re-elected. But what are the issues and how do they affect us?

In this modern day and atomic age, life is complex, but some simplicity still remains -- commonly known to We, the People, as election promises. Dashing and daring, the Representative To Be glibly promises his constituents, "You want the Moon, it's yours, for a price, of course." Nevertheless the issues can actually be summed up by the one common cry of the Bewildered Unwashed, "HELP!"

Theoretically We, the People, are the government, and Our elected representatives execute Our sovereign will. One cannot help but notice the word "execute" as used in this context. Of course They execute Our will - don't they? For this question there can be no simple answer, only the truth - not really. In the past our politicians felt that they had done their duty to their respective riding when at the end of the session they heroically jumped up and made a fantastic proposal for the future development of their area. Of course it was naturally understood that nothing would come of the valiant speech, but the passing of some political time - an instant coffee break for the other members, not interested - or that it would reach any of the standing committees set up for that specific purpose. This practice has to change.

We are Canadians and this is Canada, of which we are a part. We can no longer sit around and leave it to the older generation to run our country for us. We have a duty to our country and ourselves to take an interest in the political scene. We are part of a new age in which education is a very necessary tool to the understanding of a complex world. Education leads to awareness, and political awareness is a necessary criteria for any successful state today. Despite this political awareness, political participation is much more important for a successful state, and for Canada it is vital to our well-being.

Always hanging over our head is the ever-present thought of political union with our southern neighbours, the Americans. We do not know the feelings of our readers but we do know that, in our opinion at least, Canada should definitely remain Canadian, and not some extension of the United States. "The United States of North America" sounds like a fantastic name for the state to be, supposedly, formed. Unfortunately, such a concept will probably be implemented in the near future unless the apathy of the Canadian people does not change to a mood of awareness and activity. It is a well known fact that we do have the potential to be a

great nation in the world, but this potential will only be realized if the country is given a chance by her own people and if the proper leadership emerges from this, the modern generation. Will political apathy continue on the Canadian scene? Perhaps. We have at present a provincial election, but what may emerge from it remains to be seen.

Because the people are unhappy about what is going on, the issues this time may be of a little more importance than in the past. Because of our awareness of the issues, we do not predict any great changes in the near future.

After several interviews and much discussion, we decided that the major issues of the provincial election are as follows: housing, education, the cost of living, taxation, and pollution. They are important because they affect us.

In the past year there have been many changes and surprises to greet the student returning to campus, but the housing shortage topped the list. Housing - what's that? Something one lives in? The problem is so bad that even Sudburians can find no available space and we understand that it has become common practice for families to live in hotel rooms - if they're lucky - or to sleep in their cars. They're not poor, mind you, they just cannot find an apartment to rent. While housing is virtually non-existent, student housing has joined the lost race of extinct species. Something has to be done about this problem.

Another issue of common interest for all students is education. Should there be a bilingual high school set up in Ontario to fill the gap between grade school and university? Should university education be free for those students of ability but not means? We have our opinion on these issues, but what is your opinion?

The cost of living and taxation are both related, of course, and we have every right to feel concerned about the present trends. Both appear to be on a steady upswing with we, the taxpayers, footing the bill.

Last, but not least of the major issues, is the problem of pollution. There is no greater thrill than flying over picturesque Sudbury at four thousand feet on a bright and sunny morning. There is a slight haziness all around the fuselage, but nothing to worry about; after all, it is only the air that is hazy, and air does have colour, doesn't it? Pollution is a problem which can be controlled to a greater extent than it is at present. It cannot be totally stopped, but it can be reduced and lessened.

These are the issues of this election. Will anything emerge from this election which will benefit us? Only time can tell. One thing is obvious. Unless political apathy lessens and political awareness and participation strengthens, then we say to you, "Walk on, gentle lamb, walk on. The hour is at hand, and so is the knife."

S.G.A. Elections

Nominations for College Reps. taken until Oct. 10.

- 1 Rep. from Huntington
- 3 Reps. from Thornloe
- 2 Reps. from University College
- 1 Rep. from School of Nursing
- 1 Rep. from School of Phys. Ed.
- 1 Rep. from School of Social Work

ELECTION ON OCT. 17

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



The sweetheart of . . .

Some people take a beating and skulk away to lick their wounds. Not me. Like Dief, I believe that, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

Just to digress for a moment, didn't you admire the old leader's courage during that convention? Though he was caught in a web of his own creation, he had enough guts to die fighting, politically, rather than find for himself a soft spot to land on his last flight. And the mixed metaphor spotters can go to work on that one.

Back to business. You can't say I'm not game. Two years ago, I launched one member of the family into a university career. He went into orbit, tottered around in the stratosphere, ran out of fuel, fizzled, and sank, though not without a trace.

That was son Hugh. He did pretty well in high school. Scraped through first year college. Changed courses in second year. Lasted till late November. One day, after listening to a particularly putrid lecture — and you have no idea how numerous they are — he turned to a class-mate and said, "That's it. I can't take any more," walked out, and hasn't been back since.

After wintering in Mexico and other southern climes (during which he lived on grass for a three-day stretch) he came home for a while, with a busted finger. The pianist. Left in mid-summer, to get a job. A month later we had a card from Cape Cod, where he was about to get a job cutting fish, whatever that is.

Silence. This week we had a letter. He had a job at Ben's Delicatessen in Montreal, hoped to nail down something at Expo, and was planning to enroll at University of Mexico. Some time.

Undaunted I'm about to launch another missile at the university. Kim is too young to go, I wouldn't go back to University if they paid me \$100 a day, and there's only one other member of the family.

You're right. The Old Battleaxe is going to hack and hew her way through fourth year Honor English. She hopes.

Why? We marked our 21st anniversary the other day. Or, rather, the day after the other day, because we both forgot. And don't think that won't cost me. You'd think that, like most women, she'd be quite content to keep my nose to the grindstone and enjoy life.

The answers are several. First, she's one of those exasperating people who like to finish something they've begun, even if it's two decades later. Ridiculous, but that's the way she is.

So why didn't she finish her course in the first place? Well, to put it in the vernacular, she got a bun in the oven. The bun turned out to be our first-born. She struggled bravely to carry on at lectures, but decided that the bun, (now spelled bum), was more important than the Romantic Poets and the Modern Novel.

Secondly, the idea has been percolating for several years. She has too much intellectual curiosity to sink into the familiar morass of teas and bridge and curling and gold and gossip.

Thirdly, the kids are out of the shell. The son is a young rooster, the daughter a healthy chick. The days of diapers, bottles, Halloween costumes and helping with homework are over.

And fourth, there's the economic factor. She has listened to me groan and crunch out of bed in the morning. She has taken a long, hard look at the bags under my eyes, the bulge under my belt. She has heard me hacking in the morning, wheezing after one flight of stairs. It's good insurance to have a college degree that will get you a job when Midas kicks the can.

She doesn't know it, but the minute she graduates, I retire. So, it's Josephine College, off to lectures, full of ideals and worries about the mess she'll come home to every weekend.

There are only a few things that trouble me a trifle. I hope she isn't arrested in one of those student demonstrations. I hope she doesn't fall in love with a freshman. And I hope I can run that blasted washing-machine.

CIASP GOES TO MEXICO

MEXICO NEEDS YOU

Last summer, six students from Laurentian University headed down Mexico way along with 150 students from all parts of Canada as part of a venture undertaken by C.I.A.S.P. (Conference on International Student Projects).

This organization was conceived and put into effect in the year of 1963, in Mexico City, and since then has been an active organization on several North American campuses.

Every summer, from May to September, students volunteer their services for a minimum of some seven weeks. During this time, they travel by bus to Mexico where they take part in a five-day orientation program in Mexico City. Equipped to face the rugged living conditions, students head for the mountains of Hidalgo, after their initial training. C.I.A.S.P. undertakings are initiated and administered by students; their aim is to help the Mexicans to help themselves. The four main project sites are Pisaflores, Xochitlacoatlán, Tianguistango and Molango.

The students work chiefly in the fields of education, schools, nutrition, and recreation. No work is ever undertaken without local cooperation and, if the initiated programs are successful, they will be carried on long after the students' departure. For instance, in Pisaflores C.I.A.S.P.'s presence acted as a catalyst in the construction of the only road into the village. Schools and hospitals emerged and a marked improvement was made in the personal hygiene conditions as a result.

Living conditions are rugged, but students who have been down have reaped the frugal benefits and experiences of a "giving way of life". However, one is still allowed to take in the more pleasant aspects of Mexican life. Mexico is a paradise for the "gourmet"; exotic and spicy foods include tortillas, frijoles, atole, and chili. The entertainment, be it imported or indigenous, is always good.

Still, one has also to face the ugly side of the whole affair. For instance, the weather is cyclic—hot, dry, cold, and then rainy. And one must also be ready to work in squalor and filth; the children have huge dark eyes, rottenteeth, swollen abdomens, and lice-ridden hair; but what makes the whole expedition worthwhile is that Mexico's heart is made of the same substance as her children's — GOLD. The mere knowledge that "you" have done something to remove some of the misery is enough to bring a tear even to the most hard-hearted amongst us.



Tony Ruprecht holds a trophy which he won at the last International Circle K Convention held in Ottawa in August. As president of the Laurentian Chapter of Circle K, Tony brings U.L.U. The honour of being the first Canadian to win the coveted public speaking prize. Tony spoke on serving with a purpose.

THE HOME TEAM



"I've got a news flash for you!"

Hey Big Daddy Bird Man:
I dig your crazy words in the square paper. So I was wondering, man, if you could do a little something for us swingers and pussycats. Like man, we have these way-out 'love-ins' and 'smoke-ins'. You dig? Somehow these crazy communists squeeze in and blow the whole scene. So we need some fast words man.

Super Hippie

The Word of Dirty Bird

You hippies get out there and kill a commie for Christ!

PAUSE

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

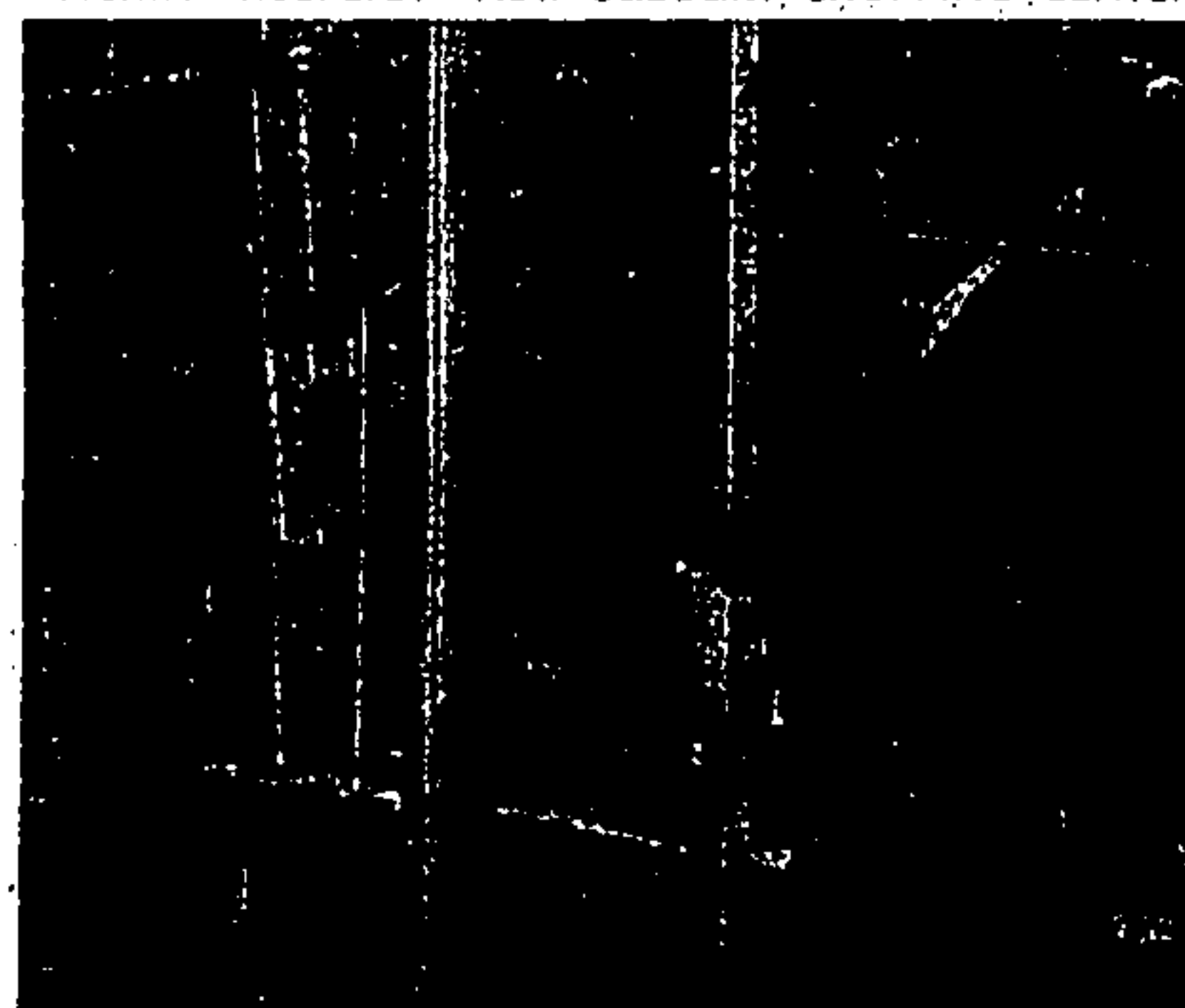
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THE DOORWAY TO A MAN'S WORLD



REGAL CORONATION: Beautiful Helene Dennie of the University of Sudbury was crowned Laurentian Frosh Queen during the Freshmen Ball on Saturday, September 23. Miss Dennie was crowned by Miss Rena Rovinelli, Frosh Queen of 1984-85. Five Princesses were in attendance to the Queen. Left to right: Janis Charbonneau, Huntington; Pauline Shesnick, Sudbury; Miss Rovinelli; Jean Wilson, Thorneo; and Carol Pollack, University College. Absent when the photo was taken was Nancy Lee, Huntington. Photo by T.C. Short

SPORT SHORTS

VEES ZEROED THRICE

VEES ZEROED THRICE

By Len Sillanpaa

The Laurentian football team has been defeated three times in inter-collegiate competition. The Voyageurs dropped an exhibition tilt to Mt. Allison University and two league games to Guelph and University of Waterloo.

In the pre-season exhibition at the Athletic field, Laurentian dropped a 26-0 decision to Mount Allison University from Sackville, New Brunswick. The Voyageurs were ahead in the statistics but costly errors and interceptions allowed most of the Mount Allison scoring. The offence could never find the big play necessary to get on the scoreboard. The defence was tight, allowing stingy yardage, but offensive miscues including several key interceptions accounted for most of Mr. Allison's scoring.

The following week, Laurentian opened its regular schedule playing host to University of Guelph. The Gryphons battered the Vees to the

tune of 62-0. The loss was a combination of a weak offence that could never get past midfield (except to change ends) and a spotty defence. The Gryphons ran back the opening kickoff 90 yards for a touchdown and the Vees could never seem to get untracked from that point. The running attack bogged. When quarterback Bobbie Jack took to the air, alert Guelph defenders intercepted many of them—five in the first half alone. Laurentian played a rugged hardhitting game but crucial errors, both by the offence and defence, spelled the major difference between the two teams.

In Waterloo last weekend, the University of Waterloo Warriors defeated the Voyageurs 60-0. Again it was an uncoordinated attack and a shoddy defence that spelled doom for the Voyageurs. Next weekend the team visits our nation's capital (that's still Ottawa) to play the Gee-Gees. The following Saturday the Waterloo Lutheran Golden Hawks will be here to play our Vees. See you there...(?)

Circle K Promotes Athletic Programs

The Laurentian Chapter of the Circle K Club has undertaken a project to promote varsity athletics. Under the direction of Gord Annis, athletic programs are being compiled and published for each event of the sporting season. Varsity Hockey, Football and Basketball are all covered under the program. The programs vary from game to game and give an up-to-date lineup of the players on the teams. These booklets are put on sale at the games at a nominal fee. As the main project of the Circle K, President Tony Ruprecht has expressed the hope that this type of project become an annual one, which hopefully will help to promote student participation at the athletic activities. The Circle K Club is a division of the Kiwanis Club, in which all students (male) are eligible to join.

Hoos Hoo

It is Wednesday. It is time for an S.G.A. meeting. Everybody is very happy. Fearless Leader, better known as the J.D. Lamont, is so excited that he almost has an orgasm. With his little wooden gavel, Fearless Leader skips down the hall merrily tapping everyone he meets upon the head. It can be pure hell meeting Fearless Leader if you have a hang-over. Sexy Simon, right hand, left side to Fearless Leader, bounces joyfully along behind him, chanting, "We're having a happy Fizzles party". Soon all the Council members have assembled in the washroom near the Great Saloon. Everyone is seated.

"Listen Kids," cries Fearless Leader, "the sooner we get through, the sooner we can go drink some of my Daddy's soda pop." Everyone thinks that this is a good idea, except for Rotten Ray. He doesn't like anything.

Sexy Simon reads the minutes in a minute. Quebec wants them read in Quebec talk. Sexy Simon hits him in the mouth. Quebec bleeds, but he is happy to give blood for a worthy cause.

In the corner Judo Jack begins to quote Robert's Rules of Order from memory. Everyone is surprised that he has one. While Judo Jack is all wrapped up in his oratory, Cowboy Bill saunters in from the back forty. He is a real cowboy because he has cow mud on his boots. Someone throws a brick at him. Judo Jack is still droning away in the background. He has finished the unabridged edition of Robert's Rules of Order and is starting to recite the Official Constitution of the S.G.A.

On the other side of the room, Little Richard, either from sheer boredom or the effects carried over from an afternoon tea party at the Coulson, has slipped under the table in a sound sleep. He is not missed, except that Fearless Leader knows that Little Richard always passes out during important meetings. He will find Little Richard before he is flushed away.

Happy Meadow has slowly drawn himself to his feet. He stands tall like a Texan who suddenly realizes that he took an over-dose of Ex-lax in the morning. Happy Meadow wants to change the Constitution. He wants to disenfranchise everyone who did not vote for him in the Spring Elections. The rest of the Council humours him. They do not like to see a big boy cry.

In the Gallery sits a dashing, handsome young man, tall, clean cut and strong. He is God's gift to women. He is the Editor of Lambda. He is a eunuch. The Editor raises his hand. Two Council members faint. The Editor's deodorant is not doing what it claims. "I want \$180,000 for a new typewriter."

There is a horrible scream followed by a crash. Mighty Mitch, poet, philosopher, treasurer and part-time dirigible pilot for the S.G.A., has died suddenly from the shocking request of the Editor. Fearless Leader goes through the wallet of the late Mighty Mitch and finds a 1947 Newfoundland Driver's Licence, a parking ticket from Rouyn, two dollars in Canadian Tire Money and a bottle cap from a bottle of Northern Ale. Seizing the money in his hot little fist, Fearless Leader suggests that the meeting retire to the Slumber Room of the Coulson Hotel. A toast in the memory of the late treasurer seems to be in order.

"I'll drink to that!" croaks Little Richard, who, hearing the magic word "Coulson", has once again come to life. However, in a valiant attempt to gain his feet, Little Richard falls flat on his face and breaks his nose for the 60th time. No one is worried. He always looks the same.

After gagging Judo Jack, the whole party retires to the Coulson; everyone, that is, except the two reps from Huntington. They are still in the corner making out.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

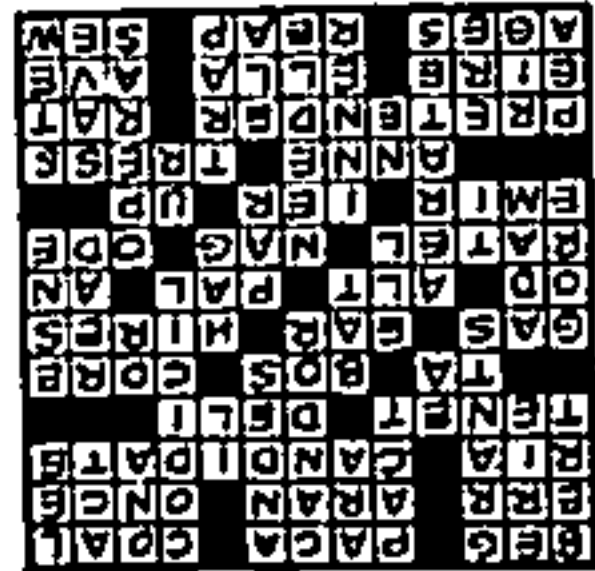
ACROSS

- 1-Supplacate
- 4-South American rodent
- 8-Fuel
- 12-Be mistaken
- 13-Island off Ireland
- 14-Single time
- 15-Inlet
- 16-One running for office
- 18-Doctrine
- 20-Short for "delicatessen"
- 21-Symbol for tantalum
- 22-Genus of cattle
- 23-Center
- 27-Aeriform fluid
- 29-Organ of hearing
- 30-Rents
- 31-Hypothetical force
- 32-In music, high
- 33-Crony (colloq.)
- 34-Indefinite article
- 35-Badgerlike animal
- 37-Scold
- 38-Poem
- 39-Arabian chieftain
- 40-Comparative ending
- 41-Above
- 42-Girl's name
- 44-Lock of hair
- 47-Claimant to a throne
- 51-Rodent
- 52-Ireland
- 53-Girl's name
- 54-Hail
- 55-Matures
- 56-Harvest
- 57-Strich

DOWN

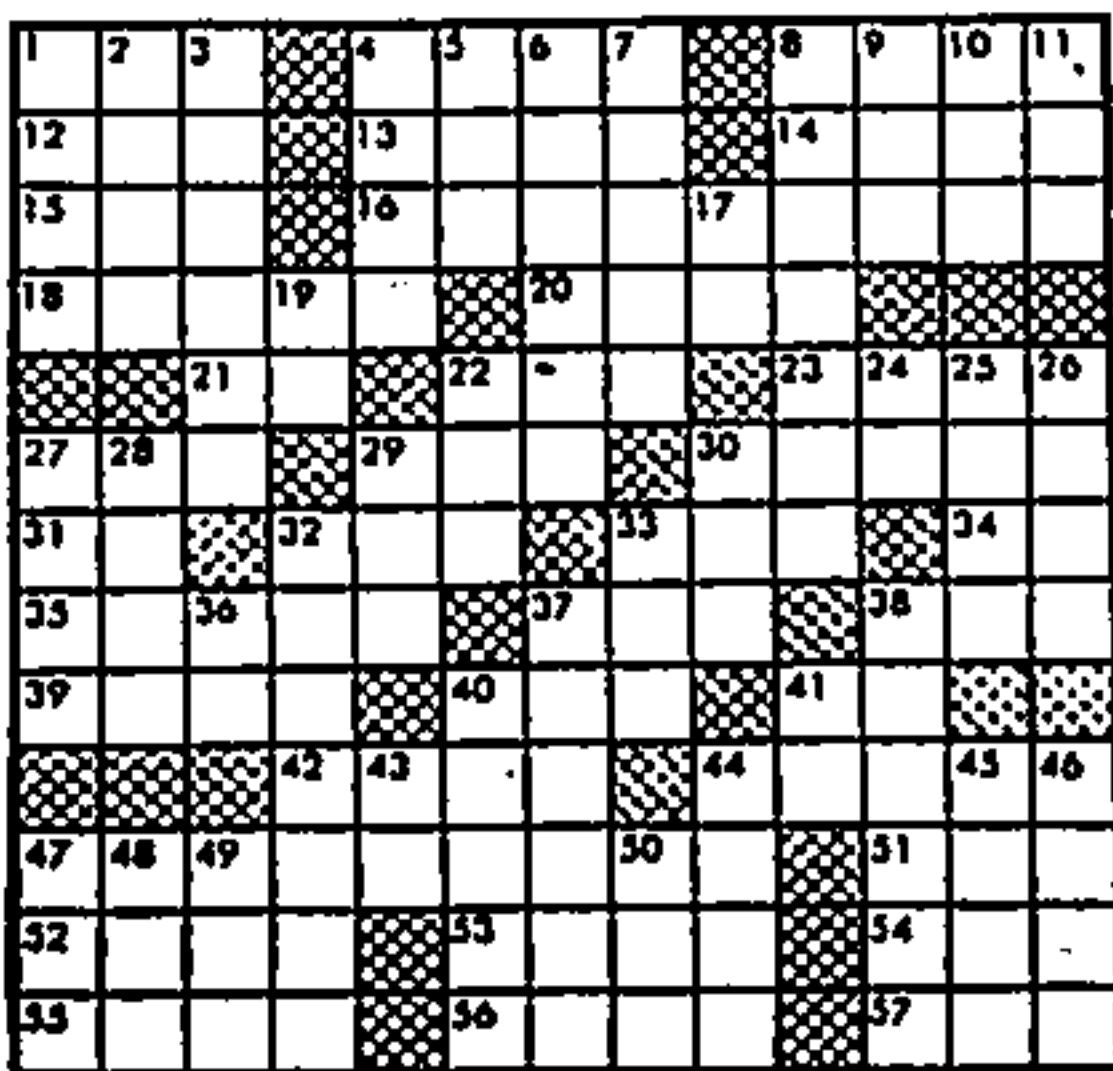
- 1-Man's nickname
- 2-Great Lake
- 3-Concedes
- 4-Agreement

- 5-Macaw
- 6-Frankness
- 7-Mountains of South America
- 8-Addition to a will
- 9-Tierra del Fuego Indian
- 10-Perform
- 11-Confederate general
- 17-Prefix: not
- 19-Babylonian deity
- 22-Flying mammal
- 24-Conjunction
- 25-Peruse
- 26-Slave
- 27-Blood
- 28-Man's name
- 29-Cloth measure
- 30-Ugly, old woman
- 32-Initiates
- 33-Equality



SOLUTION

- 36-Note of scale
- 37-Sewing implement
- 38-Musical dramas
- 40-Interior
- 41-Chaldean city
- 43-Compass point
- 44-Snare
- 45-Rescue
- 46-Cook slowly
- 47-Edible seed
- 48-Outfit
- 49-Before
- 50-Guido's high note



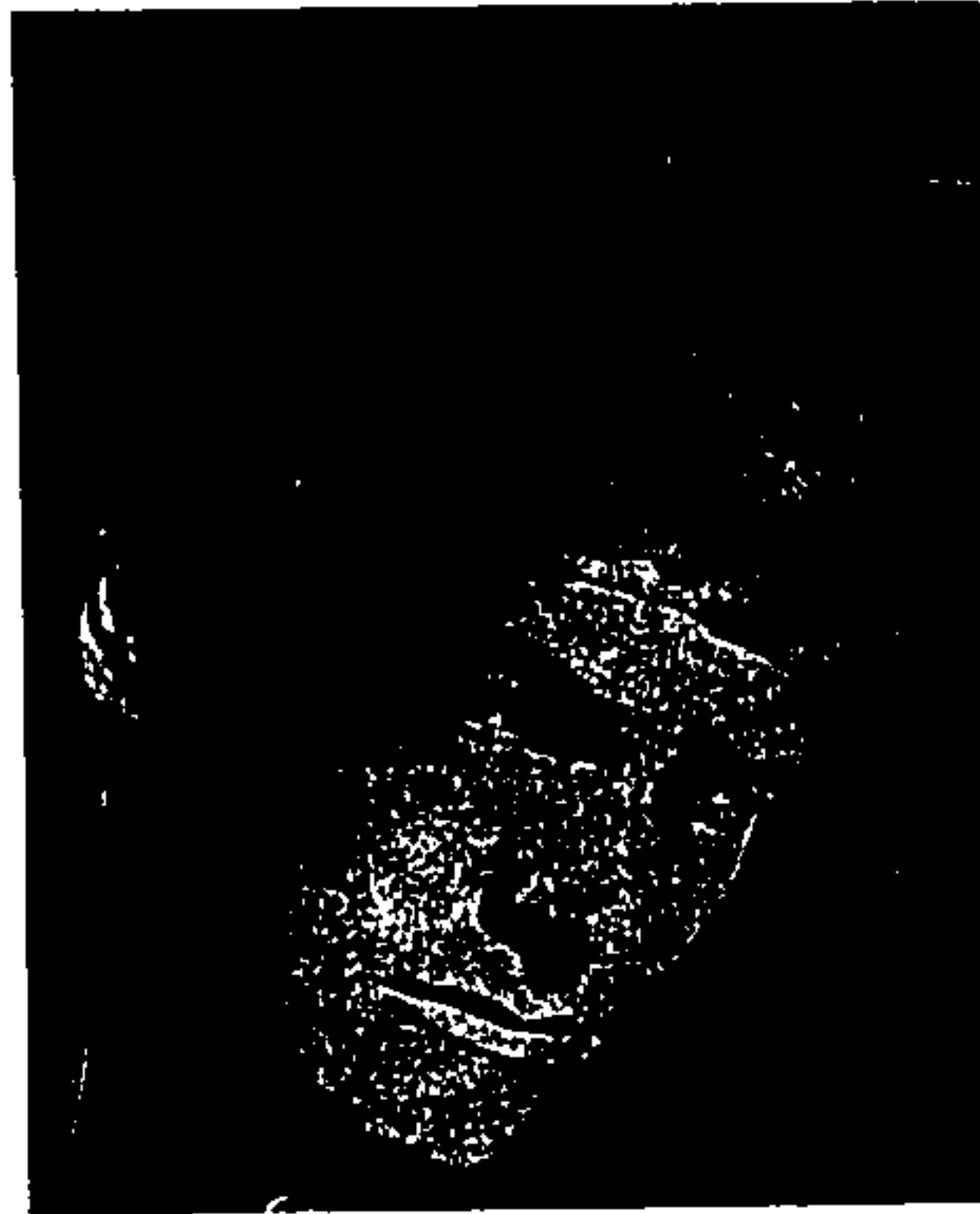
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